Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll.*

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Ma.Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? hee heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen.

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did he, or I would I mi
come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe,
groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shou
that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peec
Miller: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, a
mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe:
deniall in thy *labras* here; word of deniall; froth,
thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours:
marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks
me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, hee in the red face ha
though I cannot remember what I did when you
drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gent
drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is fiue ſences: fie, what the ignoranc

Bar. And being ſap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſhe
concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no
nere be drunke whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt,
ly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile k
with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not wi
knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gent
heare it.

Ma.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, w
within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*

Maſter Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. Miſtris Ford, by my troth you are very
your leaue good Miſtris.